

To
Saint Pats
HAPPY



Failt-Ye Times

"YE OLDE RAG"



BIRTHDAY

signed
Saint Andrew

VOL. XXXIII — 19

MACDONALD COLLEGE

Friday, March 17, 1961

Mac Secedes from McGill

Begor - r - r - rah ! It's me
bottle o' Irish Whiskey



MacBreeds Double-Ended Dairy Cow

By HUGGY MOONDOGGY,

President, Sheep, Boat & Bunny Husbandry Club

Dr. M. A. MacMongrel announced today to a select few of his most outstanding An. Hus. students (the author included) that the College Stock Farm has undertaken a breeding project to produce double-ended dairy cows. Such animals would be equipped with an udder at each end, such that it could be easily milked by two four-handed men or by one well-trained octopus. Said Professor L. H. Hammy, retired head of the Department, "Such animals will revolutionize the Dairy Industry." He went on to say that with such a beast, pastures will no longer be necessary, rather farms could be turned

ed into nine-hole golf courses for extra profit.

Opposition to this type of animal came from Prof. Argus Ranting, of the Agricultural Engineering Dept., who stated flatly that conventional barns would henceforth be rendered useless unless the animals could be folded such that both ends faced the gutter. The problem of what to do then with the manger up front still loomed, and it was decided to leave this with the St. Lawrence Seaway authority as they have the same problem with the Lachine Canal.

(Continued on Page 4)

Local Expansion Envisaged

As a result of this newsflash from McGill, a reporter of the "Failt-Ye Times" waded through the Main Building mob and interviewed Mr. Snackell.

It has been announced that the central administration will come from Mr. Snackell's office; said office will be expanded to include two more young, red headed secretaries. This is felt to be a move toward more female competition on the campus. Branches of the Administration will lead to Dr. Dien's office (Agr.) on the 1st floor of the Main Building, Prof. Munroe's office (Education) on the 2nd, and to Miss Neelsin's department (H. Ec.) on the 3rd floor.

The faculty, according to this

TEMPER

When calmness suddenly
[erupts in fire,
The kindled blaze of rage
[begins to soar,
And with each flare, inferno
[begets more,
Increasing gusto breeds the
[force of ire;
The tongues of flames leap
[forth and cease to fire,
But melt serenity beneath the
[roar,
And shake the sense of anger
[to the core.
Woe to the object of this
[false attire!
Temper is but a moment's
[spell of wrath;
Emotion that is overcome so
[fast:
'Tis but an outburst of a
[sudden froth.
Results of hasty threats shall
[ever last —
Securely hold; restrain that
[leaping wrath —
O think how temper soon is
[quickly past!

Marilyn Smith

In a closed session last Tuesday morning, the Senate of McGill University, meeting with the Deans of Agriculture and Arts and Science, decided to make Macdonald College completely independent of the administration of McGill University. This severs a tie that has existed for many years, ever since Mac opened its doors to students early in November, 1907.

S C Change of Office

At 6:30 tonite, in the Assembly Hall, the new takes over from the old at the last meeting of the Students' Society for this term. Each outgoing head of organization will read his or her annual report and announce the winner of today's elections. Two positions have already been filled in. Dave Phillips continues as Director of Publications and George Montgomery is now in charge of Student Recs. Eight people are fighting it out for positions on MAA, WAA, Lit & Deb, and Dance Committee. WON'T YOU HELP DECIDE THE WINNER BY CASTING YOUR BALLOT? THANK YOU! POLLS OPEN 9 A.M., CLOSE 6 P.M.

interview, have agreed on one small point. It has been approved that there will be staff representation on all student organizations. The responsibility of student government will be transferred from the senior members of the student body to the frosh, as it is felt that with hazing abolished, the frosh will have more time to carry out responsibilities.

One small change involves a calendar arrangement whereby the college year will stretch from April to September. This will enable students to adopt the slogan "Why wait till Spring, do it now." Remembering that Spring is tune up time it was felt that Spring fever would interfere with students' studies.

The matter of uniforms was also dealt with. From now on, all undergraduates will dress in highland garb. The girls will wear Macdonald Tartan kilts — teachers will be separated from H.Ecs by green legs (i.e. leotards) for the former and red for the latter.

Usually reliable sources disclosed that the program outlined above should get underway by 1993.

It was stated by a high-ranking member of the faculty that this is the ultimate result of friction that has been building up between the College and the University for a number of years. One of the main crises was said to be the problem of monetary allotments and jurisdiction over the College itself. The Articles of Dissolution will be published in all likelihood sometime this summer, and when students register next fall, they will register not in a branch of the University, but in a completely separate institution.

Some radical changes are expected to take place, among them the emergence of Education as a separate Faculty. We were told that the main reason for this was the problem of administration and scheduling of lectures.

A centralization of offices and administrative functions will also be in order. We talked to editors of the McGill Daily, who told us that they had been anticipating the severing of relations for some time. Dennis Copeland, Managing Editor, said in a telephone interview "We have heard rumours of a move of this nature, but I for one certainly never expected it to come to a head so soon, especially at a time when the University is about to embark on a major reconstruction program. I'm very sorry to hear about it. We've had some great times with our 'country cousins' ". The same feeling was prevalent in conversations with other campus leaders. Members of the Senate were unavailable for comment but we were granted an interview with Dean Dien, who explained the move in the following words, "We felt that we were just getting too big to be handled as a minor segment of the University. Administrative problems were piling up and so were needs for rebuilding and new facilities. We still hope to cooperate with our old partners in matters of research and so on, but from here on in, it's our baby all the way."

This is the first news release of this important move. The Daily will probably release it in conjunction with, or shortly after, this edition. This is a date to remember in the history of our college; Friday, March 17, 1995, the day we broke off from McGill.

Nigeria and Education — Part II

Nigeria is the largest nation of black people in the world. Its population is estimated at between thirty-eight and forty millions, and the birth rate exceeds deaths by a million every eighteen months. The number of children attending primary schools varies with the regions, but, in the North only, one out of eleven is in school and, in some areas, as few as one out of fifty. Yet, in another fifteen years, these friendly, but dignified youngsters, will be sustaining the economy of the country and voting on important issues. Obviously, schools have to be developed rapidly and on a gigantic scale.

In forecasting the needs for the next ten years, the Ashby Report calls for a minimum of eighty thousand people with post-secondary education of which at least thirty thousand should hold university degrees. At present, only about two hundred grad-

uates annually from the universities in Nigeria, but about six hundred are being trained overseas. However, this tells only part of the story. In order to supply the required number of students for the universities, it will be necessary to increase the intake in to secondary schools from the present twelve thousand a year to something like thirty thousand.

The problem is not only one of school buildings and equipment, but of available teachers. Even at present with a relatively unexpanded school system, 73% of the teachers are not only untrained, but have no more than primary education themselves. This would be serious enough under any circumstances, but when we consider that these teachers must give instruction in English instead of using their native tongue we multiply the problem many times. Nigeria cannot afford to lose her few trained teach-

ers, and yet many leave the profession annually to accept more remunerative employment in the civil service. A more professional spirit must be developed among the teachers of Nigeria and salaries must be raised if the schools are to perform the miracle which is expected of them during the coming ten years.

EDITOR'S NOTE — This is the second instalment of Prof. Hall's article on Nigeria and Education which he sent us recently. We regret we could not print it under VIEWPOINT, as was originally intended, due to lack of space.

In spite of all the obstacles, Nigeria is determined that she will meet the challenge and produce the leaders which she requires. In doing so, she is relying on the good will and the

generosity of her many friends. This summer, Great Britain is sending out a group of fifty-five teachers who will try to improve the English of the Nigerian teachers by vacation courses. The Commonwealth governments are making generous donations of buildings, equipment and staff. Many Nigerian students are being offered training in such countries as Germany and Israel as well as in England and the United States. If present plans are successful, these should be at least a dozen Nigerian students on the Macdonald College campus next September. They are to be trained as teachers at the expense of the Canadian government as part of its contribution to the development of the Nigerian system of education and their presence in our classrooms will stand as a symbol of Canada's confidence in the emerging Nigeria and hope for her future.

FAILT-YE WINNERS !

The following are results of the Inter-Class "Failt-Ye Times" Publication Contest. The points are out of a max. of 500. There were five judges.

Dips. & Handicrafts:	330
Post-grad. & Int.	
Teachers:	379
Seniors:	378
Juniors:	352
Frosh:	336
Teachers III:	332
Teacher I:	326
Sophomores:	309
Teachers II:	255

The Failt-Ye Times

"The Voice of Macdonald College"

is violated annually by the mugs of Macdonald College under authorization of the Board of Cryptkeepers at the Morgue, Brittain Hall, Tel.: BUTTERFIELD 8-8462. The opinions expressed herein are those of the undertakers.

CRYPTKEEPERS

Chief Mortician PHIL DAVIPS
Town Crier PRI DECARI
Money Lender MOE ROOTE
Head Scribe GORD PATTON

EMBALMERS

Witch Doctor CAM MARZIPAN
Sorcerer's Apprentice SONNY ALLIREED
The Dark Angel HAIRY Von KNEESENBAUM
Bandowner WEEPIN' WILLOW
Head Pall Bearer KON KROBEROVITCH
Frauleinscribbler IRDY JUWIN
Gravedigger J. GATE BRADSHAWBY
Obituaries GONE Van AMOEBA
Epitaphs HUGGY MOONDOGGY
JON RAMES
MAKE NECKENZIE

Printed by "Le Devoir", Mtl. 4

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

It is strange how loud little sounds become when you are in the dark and doing something wrong.

Robert LEWELLYN.

"How Green Was My Valley"

HAIL HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE
— FOR THE FIRST TIME!

Hail Hail the Gang's All Here—For the First Time!

No one reads the editorial anyway, so we decided to let you all have a look at us all. It's been a wonderful year for us; we hope it was just as wonderful for you. Too bad we had to skip one edition, but with your help we can make up for it next year. Good luck in the exams.

P.S. If you think this paper isn't funny, the St. Lawrence will soon be flowing again thru Lake St. Louis. Get the message?

NOTICE

Found 17 oz 12 lb. baby.
Sex yet undetermined.
Owners please claim at
Publications. Its crying
our guts out!

LAST CHANCE!

Get your orders for mugs
(beer), crests, rings, etc. in
by Monday, March 20, 1961.
The Purchasing Committee.

Dinner in the Delightful
Atmosphere of

LARRY
MOQUIN'S

CANADA
HOTEL

Dancing Nightly in Our Grill



VIEWPOINT...

From Towers to Bridges

When I open my Christmas mail and find greetings written in half a dozen obscure languages on behalf of the world's children, I am always reminded that this is the fierce vengeance inflicted by the Lord on his erring children on the Plains of Shinar. Even after the flood, the descendants of Noah "had one language and few words." Then the first generation of architects and engineers began work on their foolish masterpiece of brick and bitumen which, as it rose higher and higher, caused the Lord to be more and more apprehensive. He might have levelled it by an earthquake or a thunder bolt or even by another flood; instead he chose a method that was much more crafty and diabolical. "Come," he said, "let us go down and confuse their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." Thousands of years later we are still smarting under the effect of this ingenious punishment.

For the simple phrases "Feliz Ano Nuevo" or "Heureuse Annee" do not indicate the complexity of the problem. With the passing of centuries the English have devised a vocabulary of more than a hundred thousand words and the Chinese have invented more than 3,000 symbols. Sometimes these facts are mentioned to show the progress which the Englishman or Chinese has made

in expressing himself accurately and gracefully but, if one is an Italian or Patagonian such a boast would produce nothing more than a feeling of profound discouragement. Our languages have become more and more complicated since the Lord spoke to his erring people in Hebrew — or was it Eskimo? We have invented a wide range of variations. In Russia alone, we are told, that more than 300 languages are spoken and in Africa there are more than twice that number. Nor does this include the fascinating differences in dialect which challenged the curiosity of Professor Higgins in Shaw's memorable play or baffles the Frenchman as he travels from Normandy to Provence or, for that matter, from New England to New Orleans. Language has, as the Lord predicted, interposed a barrier or introduced an element of confusion because it crosses national, geographic and even religious boundaries serving, sometimes as a cement, more often as a formidable wall.

If we look back far enough across the expanse of history, of course we see some evidence of progress. The Greeks, we are told, developed a language of exquisite beauty and unusual refinement but it has not been widely used for almost two thousand years. Latin was the spoken language of Europe in the middle ages

but Chaucer, Shakespeare, Molière and Goethe replaced it with a Babel of vernacular masterpieces that we admire much more than the pedantic writings produced in medieval courts and monasteries. This movement is still in progress. The Israelis are reviving Hebrew; the Irish and Welsh are compelling their children to learn Celtic languages which cannot be understood anywhere else in the world. During the last few years, however, we have been concentrating on other skills directed toward self-destruction or escape into space and it is interesting to realize that when the first astronauts from the United States reach Venus they will be no more embarrassed in attempting to speak to the inhabitants of that planet than they would be if they had landed in Venezuela or Viet Nam.

But we need not measure our distances in light years to find examples of cultural and linguistic isolation. We have it on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the two sides of the Laurentian Highway. Twelve per cent of the 18,000,000 Canadians are said to be bilingual and a good many of them are of French Canadian origin. Compared with the Swiss, many of whom speak not two languages, but three, or with the South Africans, of whom four-fifths are said to be bilingual, our record is certainly not impressive. The confusion which reigned on the Plains of Shinar was no worse than that which prevails on the Prairies of Saskatchewan or the city streets of Ottawa.

Nevertheless there is hope. French and English Canadians are becoming somewhat more interested in one another and they seem to be willing to make an effort to build bridges across the gulf which divides them. It has been said that we really cannot understand another person until we can speak to him in his mother tongue, and as we see people in other parts of the world struggling with language problems we have come to realize that we should not lose the excellent opportunity here at home of learning to speak to our fellow-Canadians. I understand that English-speaking Members of Parliament in Ottawa are attending classes given by their French-speaking colleagues. Cultural and social organizations are bringing the two groups together. There is more interest in schools and colleges both in learning the two languages and in studying the history and culture of the two groups. A bilingual school of the theatre has been established in Montreal and experiments in drama at Stratford have been widely acclaimed. Radio and television are obvious media through which bilingualism may be encouraged and new teaching methods may be of great assistance. All these are important and commendable developments and they should be supported particularly by the people of Quebec. It will be many years before we can understand our Christmas greetings in five languages but perhaps, before 1970, most of us can learn to exchange them in two.

Editor

D. C. MUNROE.

...AND COMMENTS

FRIGID RIGIDS

Dear Sir:

Is it included in one of the new constitutions that the frozen semen cartoon must be printed in the Failt-Ye Times prior to each upcoming prom?

Some Inquisitive Sophs
Ed: Wish it was!

ANTI - ALLAN

Dear Sir:

A recent letter written by a self-appointed music critic has come to my attention. It appears that the students who did not attend the concert given by Alan Mills should cry a flood of tears.

The student body certainly was aware that this noted Canadian folk singer was coming. The publicity was very good.

A point that should be made is this. Might not the student body, knowing who was to sing and comparing him to Leadbelly and Pete Seeger, have decided, that this singer was not worth either the time or the money?

Yours truly,
D. R. Cotton.

ON VIEWPOINT

The idea of a feature each week by a member of the Faculty was first conceived by Bob Land, and thanks to his efforts we have been able to publish the viewpoints of five members of the Faculty. The students have been given the opportunity to learn something about the 'other end' of our college life — the professors' end. Correspondence concerning these articles was very poor, perhaps due to lack of confidence in the student reader in expressing his opinions, and perhaps the fear of being criticized for criticizing a member of Faculty. Be that as it may, we have appreciated the time that these gentlemen have given in preparing their viewpoints, and can only hope that students will one day not think of professors as monsters who will eat them, but rather as human beings who are just as capable of cracking a dirty joke (should the occasion call for it) as the most notorious amongst us.

Council Corner

- Meeting, March 14th.
- Meeting, March 22nd, with the Grad Society, Retiring Council, Perm. Sr. Officers & Executive of S.C.
- Students' Society meeting, 6:30 p.m., Friday, March 17th, at which results of elections will be announced and the change of office will take place.
- Winter Carnival Comm. constitution approved.
- Dance Comm. constitution approved.
- Comm. on the library will continue their work and submit their report to the new Council as soon as possible.
- Purchasing Comm. constitution approved. The pres., John Gates, will be receiving interviews from Jr. or Sr. year for next year's Comm. The Sec.-Treas. of this Comm. may be from any year.
- Men's Res. — "No beaten paths shall be made on any part of the campus," has been deleted from this const. Things like this keep Council members awake!
- Men's Res. Comm. constitution approved.
- Vote of thanks given to Dale Ellis for an excellent job this year.
- End of Council Corner — thanks to all students for the faith they put in us this year. Luck to P.J. with this corner next year.

A.E.M.

POLIO CLINIC

on

Monday, March 20

from

3 - 5 p.m. at

the College Infirmary

THIRD SHOTS

ONLY

Off Campus

(or, a Dissertation not intended to Win Friends and Influence People)

by

Hairey Von Kneesenbaum

It was overheard in the Coffee Shop, a few nights ago, when two girls were discussing a well known weekly journalist who writes on campus, that, in their opinion, he was, "Out To Lunch". That expression inspired these writers to delve deeper into the background of the journalist under fire. After mucking through a drift of dirt and corruption it has become the affirmed belief of these writers that the Winter Carnival weekend was the high point of his contentious career.

Unfortunately, only a few of the more colourful events in which our journalist took part can be recounted in this column. This gentleman (?) was seen persuing a female contingent after their display of woods-manship on the Macdonald Campus. It was also learned from the bouncer at Joe's that a slightly inebriated Officer Cadet, by now of ruddy complexion, resembling the above mentioned journalist in question, had to be forcefully restrained on his manoeuvres to gain position on the third floor of the establishment, where the females spent the night.

A news report from usually reliable sources stated that the undaunted "Servant of Mankind" continued on his sortie downtown as he dutifully commenced to distribute among the merchants parts of machinery resembling those that are missing from the machines in the basement of the Main Building. One prominent citizen of the town, who requested that his name be withheld, commented that top town officials had demanded the flasher of the police car be returned. The same person mentioned that the flasher had last been seen in the hands of the News Editor of this paper.

The "Coup de Grâce" of the whole nauseating ordeal came after our militant pen-pusher had gallantly trooped his colours into the second local establishment and forthwith began issuing rigorous orders to the "hoi polloi" in bellicose tones. Ten volunteer firemen from the residential district promptly rushed to the fire station to answer (what they thought) the fire alarm. It seems that the fire departments' alarm system consists of one fog horn situated on top of the town hall, not more than two hundred yards from the rostrum where our dear little fellow was delivering his dissonant tirade.

As the story goes, at second hand, the local tavern was not his last stand, for, on the way home his defective navigational system caused him to:

1. challenge the creed of the S.P.C.A. by chasing an alley cat up a tree;
2. defy the rules of hospitality as he tried to gain entrance to some of the rooms occupied by the visiting teams in order to dump beds; and
3. give a show of ungentlemanly conduct by swearing most arrogantly at the Dips.

As with the column, On Campus, the facts presented here may not necessarily be true and any opinions expressed may very well be slanted. However, in all fairness, it must be added that the writers of this column have restrained themselves with discretion whereas some writers on campus seem to have no bounds.

This column was concocted by, C.U.C.A.N.D.

(Combined Undergrad Campaign Against Needhams Dirt).
(Duttman, Aunce and Amoeba)

Some Thinkle Peep He's Really Drunk

I had eighteen bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else... I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I cork off the next and drank pulled the bottle from the one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

CUCND Develops Own H-Bomb

CUCND Executive Norma Suskin Jr. said today in a press conference that the Mac Detachment, CUCND has developed, as she says "one H of a bomb". In an exclusive interview "Sus" told us that "If anyone else can build one, why can't we?" Plans are being made to test the new device on top of a tower at a nearby testing range (the water tower). Ace physicists Rowells and Garter predict that fallout should be felt as far out as the soup kitchens of Stewed Hall. Our man on the spot interviewed "Good old George" on the moral implications. Said he "Yeah, well..."

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, and sinks with the other which were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm

Busy Breeders Breed Big

To highlight a year of sobre acclaim by world geneticists, the Macdonald Branch of the C.P.I. concluded its current session with a symposium on genetic research. The meeting was held in the South Block of the Chicken Palace by candlelight.

After introduction by the President Mr. Jean-Paul Stemmy, noted geneticist Arrow Ruet reported on the outcome of crossing chickens with ducks to produce chucks (concurrent studies are being undertaken on the crossing of pheasants and ducks; this bird will be known as Chester.) The resulting offspring, he said, neither quack for crow but simply quow.

Following Mr. Ruet's report, breeder John Chilaskovsky reported on a startling new type of egg that has been developed that will eliminate those rectangular, awkward, hard to stack cardboard cartons. Such an egg consists of an egg within an egg or rather eleven eggs within an egg. It could be prepared simply by plopping the whole shebang into a washtub of boiling water. Father would get the outermost section, mother the second, and the children ranging in size would partake of the innermost portions. However, certain unexpected problems have arisen regarding this bold new venture. First of all, not all families consist of twelve members and, secondly, if they do, what happens if one member wants his scrambled instead of boiled?

A further matter of controversy has arisen among the country's leading manufacturers of sports equipment who base

not under the affluence of incohol as some tinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink I am. I feel so foolish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get. Oh me!

(McGill Daily)

(Continued on Page 4)

FEMALE FORM SHEET

IF SHE'S A: FRESHMAN

She thinks a college education leads to things social, cultural and academic.

She reads "What Every Young Girl Should Know".

She won't date a boy who has ever had a drink.

She tells her mother everything.

She likes to smooch.

Her motto: Mother Knows Best.

SOPHOMORE

She thinks a college education leads to things social and cultural.

She reads "How to Win Friends and Influence People".

She won't date a boy who has just had a drink.

She tells her room mate everything.

She likes to smooch.

Her motto: "Death Before Dishonor".

JUNIOR

She thinks a college education leads to things social.

She reads "The Art of Love".

She won't date a boy who has had over one drink.

She tells her diary everything.

She likes to smooch.

Her motto: "Nothing ventured nothing gained".

SENIOR

She thinks a college education leads to things.

She reads "Care and Feeding of Infants".

She won't date a boy unless he drinks.

She doesn't tell anybody anything.

She likes to smooch.

Her motto: "Boys will be boys".

From "Ontarion"

THE MAD TEA PARTY

Once upon a time in Wonderland there was a mad tea party. It was the unbirthday party of the March Hare and his friends which included, of course, Alice and the White Rabbit. All these little people of the underworld gathers in ye olde Laird Hall on days of the year which were not their birthdays.

This little saga will come to life again when the class of '61 gathers in ye olde Laird Hall on Sunday to salute the 365 x 4 or more days they have walked these hallowed halls. It is the custom of the noble members of the graduating class to sup' with their instructors and say all sorts of nice little things that make one feel so social.

With a cup of tea and a napkin in one hand and a cookie in the other, a piece of gooey little petite quare on the saucer and a chocolate drop for reserve in the hip pocket, the Aggies will dance around the lounge and try their best to cover a painful expression. They will trip occasionally on the seams of the rugs, they will comment over and over again on the weather and all the time wish that they were out grassing.

The ladies will be very poised from the four years they have been studying the art of "How to Make Men Feel at Home". Their tea time conversation will drift into a spot by spot coverage of the latest fashion show. They will scream in shrill tones when that "doll" of a professor appears with his wife. They will turn pale when they think that the four best years of their lives have passed and there are still no rocks to show.

But wait a moment, before the White Rabbit looks at his pocket watch and rushes off because he is two days late; let us look at

the professors. They will all be there — some will remember how those little Frosh acted in the fall of '57; others will joke about that time when... and just about now the Seniors will feel two inches tall.

Pick up & Delivery

RAYMOND CLEANERS

FAST, DEPENDABLE SERVICE IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT

New Location

26, STE. ANNE STREET

Phone: GL. 3-4457

TEL. GL. 3-5381

Labrosse

Specialty:

WATCH REPAIR
GIFTS
DIAMOND & JEWELLERY IMPORTER

85, STE. ANNE STREET
Ste. Anne de Bellevue

Sole Agent for
LANVIN PERFUMES
YARDLEY & DUBARRY COSMETICS

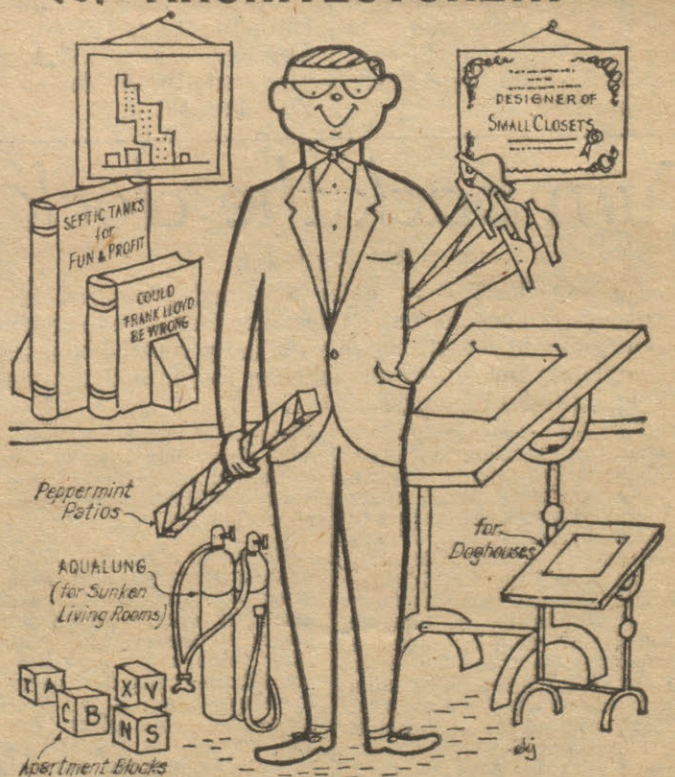
GUENETTE PHARMACY

A. HOULE, L.Ph., Mgr.

FILMS DEVELOPED
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

67 STE-ANNE ST.
TEL. 5667 - WE DELIVER

The Student well equipped for ARCHITECTURE...



The student well equipped to span the widest horizons of opportunity uses a B-of M Savings Account as a dependable ladder and uses it rung by rung.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank for Students

STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE BRANCH:

J. ALBERT LAMBERT, Manager

THE SPORTS SCENE

from behind the bench

Since all the athletic equipment here on campus is supposed to be returned by now that this year of athletics has come to an end, they've come to take our bench and have just allowed enough time to pass a few observations and recollections, and, oh yes, to quickly report on a few of the latest contests.

Looking back over the past six months we may conclude that it's been more or less a normal year for Mac in Intercollegiate sports — we ended second in football, demonstrated some good swimming, kept in the game on the basketball courts, failed but fought on the ice, and fooled everybody in Mac's own game of soccer. While our showings have not been all that tremendous when glancing at the winning column, our varsity athletes have been sportsmen. They've worn the uniform not only to win but also to play — and those we've lost, we've lost graciously.

Probably the most fundamental failing this year has been at the interclass level. There are all kinds of answers offered why things went the way they did but it simply remains that the programme wasn't too successful.

A note of congratulations to the Joint Athletic Advisory Council for their choice of "Red" Storey as Monday night's guest speaker. Red, with impressive ease, kept a good crowd amused while he told of his life's laughs. More congratulations to Dave Popkin and Sharon Mitchell for their 'significant contributions'.



Those Freshmen just aren't to be beaten, no matter what action is taken on Interclass hockey. They took advantage of Hughie Montgomery's repeated determination to keep the scorer company in the penalty box and grabbed the interclass hockey title last Thursday.

Yesterday's meeting of the Joint Athletics, held in the Stewed Room, introduced additions to the scope of local athletics. A chart was painted on the floor and Dry Land challenged Little Hope to an exciting game of Hop-Scotch (in all due respect to St. Patrick). Although there was some dispute over the winner, it was decided to give the title to Miss Hope for her superior agility.

While this was being carried out, a stirring game of spin-the-bottle was played with everyone competing. Unfortunately, the stalwart members of the M.A.A. were rendered incapable of further discussion.

Agr. I and Agr. III vie for Debating Trophy

In an exciting and rather dramatic debating meet last Wednesday, the Juniors and Frosh fought their way into the finals.

Debating against the resolution that advertising was misleading, the Juniors stumped their opponents — Dips and Handicrafts — with some solid arguments, the main one being that presenting certain facts while not mentioning some others was not, theoretically, a case of misleading. The Dips maintained that the indoctrination one was subjected to on TV and Radio, was a clear case of misleading the public.

The debate between the Frosh and the Seniors was more heated. That symbol of anti-puritanism, the beer bottle, dramatically made its presence felt, as one member of the Senior class sauntered down the hall and placed a bottle of this delectable brew in front of the second speaker for the affirmative, the Seniors. Most of the arguments presented by the Seniors seemed to go over the heads of the more immature of mind in the House. However, the whole show came to a dramatic end on the question of the orderliness of a point of order. The judges voted in favour of the younger team.

Next Wednesday, the finals. "Resolved that Art has no Place in a Scientific World". This intellectual debate is scheduled to take place in the superior atmosphere of the Laird Hall Lounge, at 7 p.m. Publications is receiving bets between the hours of 1 a.m. and 3 a.m.

Nice Poem

When me prayers were early said
Who tucked me in my widdle bed
Who spanked me little ass till
[it was red]
ME MUDDER!

Who lifted me from my cozy cot
And sit me on the ice cold pot
And mode me pee if I could not?
ME MUDDER!

And when the morning light had
[come]
And in my bed did dribble some
Who wiped my tiny widdle bum?
ME MUDDER!

Who my hair so neatly part
And press me gently to her heart
And sometimes squeeze me till
[I fart?]
ME MUDDER!

(From the Star-Phoenix)

West Indian Fling

Once again the West Indian Society of Macdonald College takes pleasure in welcoming Mac students to their last fling for this year at the Red Barns on Thursday, March 23rd. at 7:30 p.m. Dancing to the music of the latest calypsos from the islands and the best in latin american music, till whatever time you think you can stand on your feet.

Those interested in further details may contact Jean Hibbert, Stewart Hall, or Ivor "Ike" Edwards, Brittain Hall.

A Case for the Physicist

Two sophs at the rear of a chem lab were admiring the anatomical configuration of one of the fairer species of their class as she made her way across the room. "Wow!" said one. "So what?" said the other. "The human body is made of 70% water, you know."... BUT WHAT SURFACE TENSION!

That about
Sums it up
for this
Year Folks!
GOOD LUCK!

MacBreeds...

(continued from Page 1)

When questioned how the beast was to be fed, Dr. Flu Floyd, of Nutrition, said that, up to now, researchers had not been able to come up with any answers. A similar response came from Dr. H. R. Clank, of Agronomy, when asked whatever in H... we'd do with that extra manure.

The entire Animal Science Dept. is enthusiastic over this new type of cow. Previous experiments at other Agricultural Colleges produced only animals having a head at both ends, and these, after trial, proved highly unprofitable. Not only did they not produce, but their digestive system had a tendency to get plugged. Informed sources say that Mac at last has found the answer.

Breeder Breed...

(Continued from Page 3)

their complaint on the fact that unless they were pure white, these eggs could easily be substituted for footballs on the shelves of disreputable dealers. This protest has been answered by Dr. N. Chickerychick of the Poultry Department who found that by feeding India Ink in the ration and teaching the hens the alphabet, each final product will emerge stamped clearly E-G-G.

Titbits to Remember

A sensible girl is not as sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense that to go around looking sensible.

If you write illegibly when you sign out, it won't be so obvious when you sign in.

Turn back the clock?

Bill Watt did.

Do you think that under assumed pressures of job, friends, etc. you could make a decision that perhaps demanded that you add something to your daily routine that might be completely foreign or unappealing to you and yet seemed to hold a thread of hope?

Bill was an average student academically, showing an occasional burst of interesting B's. He was not particularly active in sports although he regularly played basketball at the "Y" and sometimes at college. At this time, his weight was 138 lbs. One year after graduation, an uneventful year athletically for him, he gained twelve pounds. Eighteen months later, he tipped the scales at a fantastic 183 lbs. Bill recalls that it was about this time that he began to find things difficult. It irritated him and for some reason annoyed him to have to meet people. Even after 10 or 14 hours of sleep, he would get up feeling like he could use 12 or 14 hours more. That's when he finally did drag himself out of bed. Rarely did he enjoy his meals, nor was his free time between meals and after supper enjoyably spent. A short trip to the store was a production for him and he hastened to return home to flop in a soft chair to rest. To rest, but never to really feel refreshed.

Then, he made his decision. First, he sought medical advice. His doctor launched him on a two-point program: (1) only two meals a day, when he could eat what he liked; (2) a progressive

program of regular exercise. Today, after four months, he has succeeded in regaining his previous good health and he weighs about 145 lbs.

No one in his right mind would suggest that we turn back the clock to provide the exercise given by chores which are no longer necessary, but it is terribly important to realize that our labour-saving devices impose upon us a duty to fill our present means this void which our present way of life has left. The assembly, on Monday, March 20th, will dramatically illustrate some points of view on: "What, Why and How?" of Physical Fitness.

Classified Ad

J. Paul Hébert, C.N.R. Agent
will be happy to arrange your
passage by Sea or Air between
Canada or U.S.A. and Foreign
Countries.

IT COSTS NO MORE: —

Telephone:
GL. 3-5703 at CNR Station
GL. 3-1963 at home on week-
ends and evenings.

EXPORT

PLAIN OR FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

Dow

**BRINGS
OUT
THE BEST
IN
BEER...**

**WITH
MULTI-BLENDING**



This is to certify that Dow Ale is brewed by the exclusive Cool Control process. This process is continually tested, thereby ensuring uniform high quality.

R. Wallace, Ph.D.
Dr. R. H. Wallace
Director, Quality Control

ONLY DOW IS COOL CONTROL BREWED